

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 46.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

PRICE 1½d.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE IDOL.

THE following adventure of a friend of mine amongst a people with whom at present we are unfortunately at war, may prove not uninteresting to many readers.

John Nicourt settled in the northern island of New Zealand about thirty years ago, and was for many years the only white man in that part of the country in which he lived.

The tribe amongst whom he resided was called the Tatemungas, and was celebrated for its valour and ferocity in war. Contiguous to them was another tribe, the Nooranoos (or children of the sea), with whom the former were engaged in almost continual strife. The Nooranoos, when pressed in battle by the Tatemungas, generally took refuge in their canoes, when their superior skill enabled them to hold their foes at bay.

However, the Paheka, as Nicourt was called by the Maories, by introducing the weapons of civilised warfare amongst the Tatemungas, gave them such an advantage over their enemies, that they conquered the tribes on every side, depopulating their villages, and taking numbers captive. Owing to this, the Paheka became an object to be dreaded and hated by foreign tribes, and he accordingly generally kept within the bounds of the pah.

The village of the Tatemungas was situated on one side of a bay, which extended about thirty miles from heads to heads. It occupied the northern part of this bay just within the entrance; and on the opposite shore was the village of the Nooranoos. This last-mentioned tribe being principally dependent on the sea for support, worshipped gods who were connected with the main. Their great deity, whose power was supposed to be extended over the waters of the clouds, the rivers, and the sea, was named Maunwiriro, and the temple devoted to his worship was a cave on the sea-shore. In connection with this temple occurred Nicourt's adventure, which I will now narrate in his own words.

I had often heard of the wonderful temple of

the Nooranoo god, and longed to see it myself. Its beauty was described to me in the most glowing terms by the natives, who stated it to be a cavern of great dimensions, which was entered from the sea-shore. It was said that it could only be entered twice a year, in the months of March and October; this being because, at all other seasons, its entrance was below low tide.

The Maories, unversed as they were in tidal theories, attributed the phenomenon to the power of the great Maunwiriro, and imagined that he thereby expressed his wishes that at these times only should he be approached.

It was reported amongst the natives that the temple was adorned in the most brilliant manner, according to the Maori tastes and customs; and that offerings were made to this deity by all tribes, even by the chief foes of the Nooranoos, dreading the anger of this god, as greater than even their own peculiar deities.

It was on a fine spring day in October, that having determined to go out to the heads of the bay to fish, I told my native servant, Manwi, to prepare my boat. At the time I started, everything bore the appearance of continued good weather, and I was in hopes of being able to return before night with my boat full. We reached the fishing-ground, and having let down the lines, I ensconced myself in the stern, lit my pipe, and let Manwi look after the fishing. We were very successful, and in about two hours obtained nearly as much as we wanted. I was just thinking about returning, when Manwi directed my attention to a small dark cloud in the northern sky, which I well knew portended the sudden and furious blast of the 'north-easter.' I immediately pulled up the lines; and knowing not a moment was to be lost, I sprang to an oar, and commanded the Maori to do the same. We pulled inshore as quickly as possible; and I was beginning to hope we would reach it before the storm came on, when our boat quivered as if under the stroke of a giant's sledge-hammer, and the blast rushed over us. In a few seconds, the sea rose fearfully, and swept over the boat every minute. Seeing

that we should be swamped if we did not keep her before the sea, I sprang to the stern, and shoving out the steering-oar, kept her running before the wind: we then rode comparatively safe, as our little craft, being an old whaling-boat, was built to stand heavy weather. We were flying along with the speed of a race-horse, and were fast approaching the southern extremity of the bay. I was now utterly undecided what to do. If we ran ashore, and escaped through the tremendous surf, we would in all likelihood be killed, perhaps devoured, by the savage Nooranoos; and if we kept out to sea, the boiling billows would as certainly engulf us.

I remained undecided; meanwhile keeping the boat's prow directed towards the southern end of the bay, so that I might follow either course as I saw fit. Manwi had lain down in the bottom of the boat, quite insensible through terror, so that no advice or help was to be had from him. At last we were drawing close to the rocks, and I now observed a little cove in their extreme point which might afford us shelter. The entrance to it seemed narrow and shallow, the waves rushing in with a fearful surge; and even at the distance I then was, which, though seemingly small, could not be less than three-fourths of a mile, I could hear the thunder of the surge as it dashed against the rocks. I had now no choice left as to my course, being too far inshore to weather the point; so, commending my life to Providence, I guided the boat towards the rocks. I stirred up Manwi with my foot, telling him, that unless he exerted himself we should both be lost. He despairingly assented, and accordingly I gave him the steering-oar, knowing that his superior skill would be useful in the moment of danger. I took my post in the bow, and guided her course by signs—the roar of the surf making speech useless. We now both stood prepared for our struggle for life; and a terrible moment it was: borne upon the crest of a giant roller, we dashed into the little channel. It required an arm of oak and a nerve of iron to guide us through this Charybdis. I was afraid the wave might sweep back before carrying us through the channel, and dash us to pieces against the shallow bottom; and, unfortunately, this proved to be the case: the backwater dragged us again from the shelter of the cove, and tore the bottom clean off the boat as it dragged it over the rocks. As we struggled amongst the fragments of our little craft, another gigantic roller swept us through the passage, and dashed me bleeding and nearly senseless on the rocks. I grasped the sea-weed, and crawling up the face of the rock, was fortunate enough to get out of the reach of the surge; but, casting a look downwards, I saw poor Manwi's bleeding body amongst the fragments of the boat, swept about in the depth below. I again crawled along the rocks till I reached a level part, where surer footing was to be had; after which exertion, I fell senseless with pain and exhaustion, occasioned by loss of blood.

When I recovered, I found it getting dark, so that I must have lain about four hours in a faint. The evening was evidently far advanced, and the moon was shining with great brilliancy. I was thankful for this last blessing, as otherwise I could not have explored the recesses of the rocks for a path of deliverance. The gale, as is usual with north-easters, had abated as suddenly as it had

arisen, and the night was quite calm and still, the only sound that was heard being the sullen moan of the swell as it swept the rocks below. I immediately began to look about for a means of exit from my position, and found that the ledge of rocks on which I stood extended backward for some distance. I went back a few feet, and perceived a hole in the rocks, about three feet wide, and about six in height. The idea at once struck me that this was the cave dedicated by the Nooranoos to the worship of the sea-deity, Naptunkurko or Maunwirro (or he that holds the water in his hands). The appearance of the entrance agreed with the description given me by the Maories—I being but a few inches above the highest sweep of the surf, and the tide being at its lowest ebb. I also remembered that this was about the time of the half-yearly visits of the Nooranoos to the temple; and as it was only accessible for one day in the half-year, I expected every moment to see the sacred galley sweep round the point, and land its crew of worshippers. I was now in a fearful position, and saw no method of escape, for there was a law amongst the Maoris, that only those set apart for the purpose of offering the sacrifices for the tribes should approach this cavern, all others being condemned to instant death, if found there. Irrespective of this, however, the hated Paheka of the Tatemungas was surely doomed to destruction, if found by his foes.

I carefully searched every recess of the rocks, guided by the light of the moon, but could find no egress—nothing but precipitous walls of rock on three sides, and the boundless ocean on the fourth. I returned in despair to the temple entrance, determined to enter, and there await the coming of the Nooranoos. I did so, and groped along its rough walls for some way. I then took out my flint and steel, which I carried with me on all occasions, and striking a light on some cotton which had fortunately remained dry in my inside pocket, I was enabled to see my way. I found the cavern of considerable length, extending, I should imagine, about one thousand yards in length, with a breadth of two hundred. I reached the altar where stood the idol, surrounded by the offerings of its devotees, consisting of various marine curiosities and other valuables. I did not, however, take much note of them, my anxiety regarding the arrival of the natives being too great to think of satisfying curiosity. I knew that they might come at any moment, and were sure to come, at all events, in the course of twenty-four hours.

I looked for a place to conceal myself, and creeping round behind the idol, found that if the priests did not remove it, I might possibly escape their sight. The idol was not situated at the extreme end of the cavern, but only about two hundred yards from its entrance, so that behind it there was a considerable space, which apparently was not much intruded upon, all the devotions being paid in front of the altar. I hoped that, as they would not pass beyond the idol, I might possibly remain concealed, for I knew that they would have no time to waste, the returning tide compelling them to quicken their devotions; but when I reflected that, even should I be successful enough to escape their notice, a miserable death awaited me, left as I would be to die of hunger in that lonesome cavern, various schemes

fitted through my mind, one of which was to escape their observation on landing, by hiding behind some corner of rock, and creeping down to their canoes while they were engaged in their devotions, endeavouring to conceal myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe. On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfigured a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found the meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea, hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on that coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life. I acted at once on this idea; and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the savages. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maoris was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible war-notes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwana, the great leader of the Nooranoos: he was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maoris are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waved over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humbler manner; amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid

them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranoos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorused. I translate the following:

Chief. 'O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!' *Others.* 'Yes, yes, yes!' *Chief.* 'Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger.' *Others.* 'Yes, yes, yes!' *Chief.* 'O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores, that the hearts of our wenyas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad.' *Others.* 'Yes;' &c.; and so on, through a long string of desired favours. I now saw that I should be safe enough under my disguise, as, though the cavern was brilliantly lighted with manukoo torches, around the altar it was comparatively dark, owing, I suspect, to their superstitious fears. I knew that as soon as they had finished their chant, they would in all likelihood depart, as the rising tide would compel them so to do; so I waited anxiously till the song concluded. Just as the last peal of their voices had echoed through the place, and they had sprung to their feet to depart, I stretched my arms to their widest, and, mad with excitement, cried in a voice of thunder: 'Children! Maunwirriro is pleased with you; he loves all his children—he loves the Nooranoos best! Maunwirriro will fill your bay with fishes, and make glad the heart of your women, and the little hearts of your picanninies. Listen! Two canoes bore the Nooranoos from their village; let them go back in one; let the other be left here for your great god, that Maunwirriro may go forth to bring blessings unto his children. Hear, then, Nooranoos; let the canoe be ready for Maunwirriro when he wishes! Go, my children, and obey!'

I finished, and, dropping my arms, again resumed my former attitude. The savages had stood terror-stricken during my address, but were too fearful to fly; my last commands roused them, uttered as they were in a voice in which despair and excitement were blended. My very excitement had saved me, making my voice so shrill and inhuman, that they really took it for the voice of their deity.

Eager to obey the welcome commands of a god, they all rushed from the temple, and shortly after I joyfully heard the noise of their paddles as they departed. I leaped down from my weary stand, and flung myself on my knees in prayer and thanksgiving for my wonderful deliverance. I hastened to the entrance with anxious steps. I was saved! The Maories had faithfully obeyed my commands, and a large canoe was moored to the rocks, and floated lazily on the swell, which swept the calm surface of the ocean; the moon was just breaking on the eastern horizon, and a mist hung over the sea. Providence seemed to favour me, so I sprang into the boat, and paddled

out to sea, where, catching a favourable breeze, I soon arrived home—yes, home, for that mud-built sheiling seemed indeed a home, and I felt that I was indeed amongst true-hearted friends, as they embraced me with joy at my reappearance, and affectionately rubbed their noses against mine, to testify their regard for me, and their happiness at again seeing me. I thought it my duty to tell them my story, at which they were quite thunder-struck. I knew the tale would thereby soon travel to the Nooranoos, which I desired, as it would ill have shewn my gratitude to the God who had so wondrously delivered me, to have allowed the means of that deliverance to increase the superstitions of these poor savages.

WORK.

MEN, as the song of the *Three Fishers* pithily puts it, must work, and it is well that they must. Mind and body alike require action of some sort; and it is better that we should devote them to a healthful activity, than that we should wait till Dr Watts's diabolical taskmaster thrusts mischief into our idle hands. The necessity for work is indeed so great, that without it, life itself is unwholesome and abnormal. What else than this imperious need for exertion makes Fairfax of Christchurch and Neville of Trinity row harder and longer on Cam and Isis than any young or old waterman, jolly or the reverse, that ever feathered an oar in broad Thames? What else induces thousands of well-to-do young fellows to toil and broil at cricket through sultry August days, to hurl quoits, climb mountains, belabour one another with sticks and gloves, walk preposterous distances, and swing, head-downwards, from a swaying trapeze?

The necessity for work takes other forms than these, varying with the idiosyncrasy of the subject in question. There is Lord Plumington, heir, as we all know, to a fortune that would maintain the civil lists of three or four transparencies among the minor princelings of Germany. It cannot be the salary, then, which tempts his lordship to sit all day in Downing Street, writing out tiresome *précis* in the French tongue, receiving dismal deputations, and copying for his chief's behoof the long-winded dispatches of eloquent Mr Seward. There is Sir Harry, lord of twenty thousand acres of good land, and who could, if he chose, live as splendidly and lazily as Sulla or Vitellius, but who prefers to trudge, wet or dry, for miles and miles through the deep shingle of the Hythe sea-beach, that he may hereafter teach position-drill and judging-distance to his Volunteer. The same need sets Miss Pickett so diligently to work in collecting ferns or gleaning up the 'common objects' of the sea-shore, makes Robinson busy with his eighty-guinea microscope, and coaxes Jones to grope in the 'drift' for flint adzes and fossil mammalia.

To estimate work at its true value, and to gauge the depth of our obligations to the instinct which forces us into action, we have only to cast a glance at those tribes of naked savages whose only notion of work is to dig out an opossum, or to pound a bread-fruit between two stones. Even in climates where clothes and fuel are a surplussage, such a condition of existence is not enviable. Muscle and mind are alike feeble, and the domestic virtues are at as low an ebb as the faculties of the intellect.

There can be no happiness until it has been honestly earned by labour and forethought.

The bee and beaver, and still more the ant, teach us how very much more can be done by combination than by individual effort; and in very early ages, mankind profited by the lesson. The ancient oriental despots loved to drive the population of a province up to the site of a great work, and to accomplish their ends by the sheer accumulation of human thews and sinews. Pity that so much toil, skill, and suffering should have been expended for such fantastic purposes, carving mountains, throwing bridges of boats over stormy water, scooping catacombs, piling up pyramids, at the cost of a life for every layer of bricks. It has usually been found that any enormous aggregation of labourers attracts the same scourges that have ever thinned besieging armies. Death stalks into the camps of peace as well as into those where warriors pitch their tents, and Egyptian public works have always been peculiarly fatal.

In some respects the ancients certainly eclipsed us conceited moderns. Our engineers gape at their monoliths, their Cyclopean walls, their pyramids, and the ruins of such temples as those of Luxor and Baalbec, and ask each other how they were reared. What contractor of our time, especially if debarred the use of steam-power, would undertake to quarry those obelisks of hard red granite, to carry them for vast distances, and to set them up without chip or flaw in the market-place? What masons now could build such giant walls, without mortar, lead, or iron clamp, every monstrous stone accurately polished and fitted so closely that a knife cannot pass between the blocks? Above all, how were the dolmen and menhir reared by the rude Celtic nations, untaught by Rome or Greece? And by what prodigy of toil and adroitness did half-clad barbarians set up the astounding monuments of Stonehenge and Karnac? It is probable that we underrate the amount of science possessed by the priesthoods of old, by Druids, hierophants, and Magi. The relics of what their serfs did under their direction, sufficiently prove that the clerical architects knew their business thoroughly. In turning a river, in cutting navigable canals, in opening mines, they shewed no mean knowledge of statics. Their principal undertakings were such as we cannot approve; but of their jealously guarded acquaintance with sundry of the exact sciences, there can be little doubt. By dint of rollers and pulleys, of guys and cranes, by harnessing crowds of men and oxen to the lumbering slabs and shafts, by digging away the earth that had supported solid scaffolding for the support of the stones, they erected the granite Anakim at which we can but marvel.

Work is a good thing, but, like other good things, it may be terribly abused. It was so of old. The great works of the Roman Empire, of the Eastern Empire especially, were exhaustive to a degree. The aqueducts, havens, roads, cities, realised the fable of Saturn devouring his children; they destroyed the substance and lives of the very population they were meant to benefit, and left an eloquent example of the danger of over-governing a country. Still worse was the result of the Spanish conquest of the New World. The mild natives of Hispaniola did not give the white men the trouble of subduing them; they submitted to the Castilian yoke with childish docility, and were

treated worse than Mr Squeers's pupils by their gold-loving lords. We can sympathise with the generous indignation of good Bishop Las Cases, when he found that the whole race, seventy thousand in number, thrust into the darkness of the mines, had dwindled, in one generation, to a few poor hundreds of sickly survivors. Work, under some conditions, is a very Moloch.

Intelligent labour, such as necessitates thought and care, cunning hand and attentive mind, acts as a tonic on the worker. He is the better for the unconscious self-discipline and healthy stimulus which his employment affords him. On the other hand, toil that requires no mental exercise, rough drudgery that a machine or a brute could do better than a man, have a tendency to coarsen and degrade; and this is particularly true with regard to females. Gangs of poor women plodding painfully along under the weight of turf-creeves or coal-creeves, tugging at a plough in Poitou, or carrying sacks of potatoes and trusses of hay, yield but a sorry spectacle of dull endurance.

That maxim of Mr Mechi's, that a man should never be used where a machine can serve the purpose, is wiser and kinder than it sounds. It is both merciful and expedient to substitute unwearied steam for easily-fired muscle, whenever we can do so with economy. No matter how numerous the wheels and cranks may gyrate throughout the land, there will be plenty to do, without making human beings into mere beasts of burden. Work, to be wholesome, requires some thought.

There is one reproach which is often made against that principle of the division of labour which is one of the roots of our civilisation—that it ties our hands, and blunts our wits. Contrast, some cynics say, the savage, able to provide for his own needs, with that of one of us moderns, a mere cog in the mechanism of society. The savage, as Adair wrote of his Red friends, can live where a wolf would starve. Throw him alone and naked into a pathless wilderness, and his heart would not for an instant sicken at the solitude. Where a white man would lie down to die, an Indian would start into shrewd activity. He would make tools of sharp flint, get fire from a couple of sticks, rear a hut, make cords and fishing-lines from twisted grass or fibres, hooks from thorn and fish-bone, trap game, snare bird and fish, shape his canoe from the bark of the nearest tree, and construct bow and shaft and spear, pipe and paddle, from the materials around him. The reason that Robinson Crusoe has ever been the Magnus Apollo of school-boys, is exactly the possession of something of this fertility of resource. It must be charming, Jack and Tom protest, to build one's own house and boat, to live in a cave hollowed by one's own hands, and cook one's own dinner after procuring it without the aid of prosaic poulterers.

Civilisation rather snubs and pooh-poohs this faculty of self-helpfulness which so fascinates young minds. That lady prefers to encourage our mutual dependence, and to combine our several gifts in one harmonious hive. Accordingly, the 'handy man,' the clever fellow whom we all know so well, he who can turn neat little work-boxes from his lathe, who uses his tools almost as deftly as smith or carpenter, who paints a little, plays on fiddle and flute, gardens, photographs, shoots, and has a smattering of chemistry, meets with rather a cold reception. We style him a Jack-of-all-trades, and

deny his excellence in any branch. We look down on his versatility with lofty superiority. Let him take his passage for the colonies, is the verdict of society. There, he may draw a prize in the great lottery, may grow rich, and be esteemed by aborigines and immigrants; but we have no faith in the Admirable Crichtons of the work-shop.

What our century dearly loves is a specialist, a man who can do but one thing, and that so thoroughly, that he becomes, as Emerson has it, the incarnate representative of his calling. Sergeant Crammer's bewigged head is stored with black-letter precepts and judgments of long-buried judges. He is a walking law-library; but having, in evil hour, put his name to a book, on a sufficiently dry subject, *The Secondary Rocks*, he has forfeited the good opinion of the world of attorneys. Barristers are not much more severely eyed, in this respect, than other men. Every one shares the fate of Juvenal's cobbler, and is bidden to stick to his last, whether it be law, physic, or literature. The world refuses to believe that a poet can transact business, or a philosopher possess common-sense. The doctors who write learned works on archæology or broach ingenious theories in medicine, are not the doctors who pouch the weightiest fees. While wise Professor Binkley is making Europe ring with his discoveries, winning gold medals and praise from scientific Christendom, sly old Sir Joseph goes on feeling pulses and slipping honoraria into his coat-pockets. The professor will die poor and famous; the baronet will 'cut up,' as a court-physician should.

There is some sense in the prejudice against versatility, against Zimri Buckingham's rapid change of parts from poet to fiddler, from statesman to buffoon. But such a prejudice may be easily pushed too far, and so be turned into a very bed of Procrustes, for lengthening or curtailing all minds to an arbitrary measurement. Carried to excess, it makes man helpless to a degree that is both ludicrous and pitiable. He who can do nothing on earth but make the head of a pin, or split the nibs of steel pens, becomes the vassal and satellite of pins or pens. A change of fashion, a new invention, may at any moment fling him out, wageless and without resource, to beg or starve. Handy Ned, while hale and hearty, can never be brought so low as poor Jem in his paper cap and vest of black calico, sadly contemplating the closed door of the mill that was his breadwinner. It is a good thing to possess, if not more than one kind of technical knowledge, at any rate an elastic aptitude for doing more than mould buttons or 'tent' a spindle.

Sagacious in its way is that Turkish maxim which requires that every boy, from the son of the Padishah to the son of the Cafegee, should be taught some useful handiwork, by which, in adversity, he may keep the wolf from the door. We may smile to see the Grand Turk deftly making slippers, as Sultan Mahmoud thought it no shame to do, or hollowing out pipe-stems of cherry and jasmine, like Abdul Medjid; but there is prudent manliness in the custom. Tear off Hassan's turban, throw dust on his beard, rifle his palace, confiscate his treasures to the use of the angry master who delights to honour his disgraced slave no more; but the ruined grand vizier will not blow out his addled brains in French fashion, will not beg obola, like Belisarius in the pretty fable; at the door of some small house in

the suburbs of Stamboul, you will find white-bearded Hassan sitting cross-legged to his work, as industrious a tailor as if he had never frowned on pashas and elchis, or been called Protector of the Poor, or ridden forth with fifty gold caparisoned horses in his train.

Work is a crystal with a thousand faces, some rough and ugly to view, some sparkling with all the hues of the rainbow, and yet so well adapted to the many-sided characters of Adam's offspring, that there is a fitting task for all—a fitting task, but not always exactly apportioned to the worker's gifts. Parents and guardians are but fallible mortals. The round man, according to the whimsical illustration of an old essayist, gets thrust into the three-cornered hole on the world's great cribbage-board. We all know divines who ought to be dragoons, military officers who would be more at home in the pulpit than in the barrack-yard, fighting Quakers, admirals who are sea-sick whenever the flag-ship rolls in a leeway, bishops with a taste for law, and squires who hate field-sports and farming.

As a rule, routine labour is, of all varieties of hard work, the most distasteful. To copy deeds and pleadings, to engross a dreadful conveyance on thirty skins, so admirably written over that only an occasional 'whereas' shall be legible to the unprofessional eye, is found a tedious task by the law-writers. To grind through syntax and prosody, the first book of *Cæsar*, the first book of *Euclid*, Greek acorists, and the insufferable jargon of x plus y , is not too exciting to the jaded schoolmaster. Postmasters may tire of stamping and sorting, of poking in pigeon-holes for letters addressed to the combinations of the alphabet, and of jerking open the little window to tell Mrs Captain Perkins the exact postage to Taranaki or Upper Cariboo. And yet, even in driest routine, there is an interest. How proud is old Mr Knibbs, head-clerk, these forty years, to Blunt and Brass, in Lothbury, of his exquisitely-kept books, so ruled and measured, so clean and trim. 'Every t crossed, you see; every i with a dot over it; every figure in its place: not an erasure, Mr Brown!' says the old gentleman with an honest pride. And our schoolmaster is just as proud of a prize-pupil who can turn out Greek iambs by the furlong, and is sure to win praise for his teacher, and a scholarship for himself at the next Oxford examination.

We Anglo-Saxons, on both sides of the Atlantic, are a little too fond, perhaps, of a solo performance on the trumpet to our own credit and glory, and especially on the head of our own wondrous ability for work. Bull and Company are a good firm; of that, there is no doubt. Those who hate them the most bitterly, the ultramontane critics who point their scornful fingers at every rent and darn in Britannia's coat, own that, with all his wickedness, bluff John is a good tradesman. English 'loyalty' in commerce is a proverb with even the Anglophobes in France. But the question is one of work, of work of head and hand, of subtle brain and striving sinew, and in what manner we have won, and how kept, our high repute on the Exchanges of the civilised world.

Our grandfathers, a few removes back, were lazy fellows, according to the universal opinion of Europe. Extravagantly fond of shows and holidays, of good cheer and of sports, the ragged Robins of

England did not hold a good place in the working-world. Our yeomen were then our most industrious citizens, spinning flax, carding wool, tanning leather, and turning every farmstead into a rude factory. But labour was a drug among us, and our warlike population saw no more royal road to wealth than the hope of a fresh onslaught upon broad France, or a raid on the Spanish Indies. Meanwhile, foreign settlers came among us to exercise their arts, but it was in no small fear and trembling. Our mobs were not too gentle in their dealings with aliens, whose superior skill moved the spleen of our own craftsmen. Evil May-day was but a mild metropolitan version of the ferocious attacks which our people made on inoffensive immigrants. Jews, Flemish weavers, Italian fullers, Hanse traders, Dutch reclaimers of the desolate Fen country, were in turn assaulted with more or less of blood-thirsty fury. We, who knew little of manufacturing skill, were intolerant of its possession by others.

Even when a change came, when Leeds and Norwich began to share the old renown of Ghent and Ypres, as seats of the clothing-trade, we seventeenth-century Britons lagged far behind in the race of life. Sheffield turned out a good deal of coarse cutlery, but not a penknife, not a lancet, not a razor; all these came from France or Holland. Our salt, now the purest in Europe, was then vile sulphur-tainted stuff, a constant source of disease. Our upper classes looked for all luxuries, for most comforts, to the continent; a gentleman drank from glasses made in Venice or Leyden; the plates on his table were from Delft; his mirrors were shipped from Italy; his shoes were of Cordova leather; his cloak of Toledo cloth; his coat of Lyon velvet. For all scientific instruments, for war-horses and coach-horses, for our swiftest ships, our best cannon, our foremen and instructors in almost every manufacture, we had to rely upon our neighbours. Our iron-trade, since the woods of Kent and Sussex had been all cut down to yield charcoal to the forges of the south, languished to an extent which threatened its extinction.

All the shortcomings of early days were forgotten, however, in the blaze of prosperity which this our century has witnessed. The turning of the tables was complete. The clumsy Briton, on whom the Netherlander or French Huguenot of past centuries looked as a savage, had become the great producer. Other nations competed for the commercial crumbs from Albion's table, and adroit English or Scottish artisans were tempted to take service abroad by every argument of bribes and cajolery.

Our strong point, the fulcrum from which our lever was to move the world, was cheapness; and this cheapness rested on a variety of props, of which coal was the chief. The black diamonds of Newcastle, Wales, and the midland counties, were England's right arm. To this advantage we added a command of capital, sprung from our carrying-trade and colonial traffic, easy transport by sea and river, and, above all, an abundant supply of intelligent labour. The old reproach of idleness that once attached to our stock, lessened yearly; our people proved quick learners and deft workers; while in the matter of inventors and men of the first rank in applied science, we were singularly rich.

It is to the credit of foreign nations that they

have done so much, upon the whole, to retrieve their lost ground, and to press hard upon the heels of the winning country. It is probably to our benefit as well as theirs that their rivalry keeps our powers on the stretch; and successive Exhibitions, with increased travel, have taught us, by plain facts, that our supremacy is not so absolute as young Miss and Master Bull are apt to be taught in the nursery. The old gentleman, Bull senior, is rather given, as he sips his port, to depreciate his neighbours' stock in trade. 'No oak like British oak,' says old Mr Bull; 'no iron like ours; no wool like ours; no wheat, hay, horses, coal, and work-people like our own!'

In some respects, Mr Bull is right. British oak was a very excellent article in Dibdin's days, and would be still, if any lord of lands had the patience to wait a brace of centuries or so for his trees to grow up properly. As it is, our shipwrights are forced to go further afield, and to pick up oak in Baltic and Atlantic ports, and indeed where they can. As for our iron, it is wonderfully abundant, and is found in close neighbourhood to coal and limestone, so that it can be worked, since Cort's time, cheaply enough. But the ore itself is vastly inferior to the ores found elsewhere. No mere carbonate can match the oxides of the continent, the red hematite whose dust stains the street-pavement of St Etienne a rusty crimson, or the fine Swedish iron out of which Sheffield manufactures so many thousand tons of steel petticoats. Our ironmasters deserve no small praise for producing such good results from our native spathic metal, but the best of our material comes from Scandinavia still.

France can shew nothing to equal the Black Country of our midland districts; nothing to match those roaring Phlegethons of fire, those giant chimneys, furnaces that light up the darkness of night with a lurid glow, as of a tame volcano. Few foreign visitors can disguise their wonder at the tremendous sights and sounds that greet them as they are conducted over the works of some great firm, with huge steam-hammers rising and falling, rollers revolving with steady force, fires roaring, sooty Cyclops toiling in the clouds of sparks and smoke, and glowing metal everywhere. Iron, everywhere iron. Iron in blocks, of a dusky-red hue, emitting flashes of brighter crimson as the ponderous steam-hammer falls on it; iron at a cherry-red, being flattened into sheets, split into ribbons, wound off like tape between the jaws of the rollers and the edges of the shears; iron, white hot and blinding to the eye, throwing off fireworks of splintered metal as it is dragged from the furnace; molten iron, shining like the liquid fire of Milton's Pandemonium, giving out an angry glare as it is poured into the monstrous moulds; iron in every shape, grim and dangerous to handle, but submissive like some sullen genii subjected to the enchanter's will.

It is a pity that, after all, French plates should beat our own in withstanding the fearful shock of the steel war-bolts shot from modern cannon. It is a pity that Berlin should crow over Staffordshire in the matter of large castings; that North Germany should undersell Sheffield in cheap cutlery; and Liège steadily hold so high a place in the gun-trade. But charcoal iron must continue tougher than iron smelted with mineral coal; oxides are an overmatch for carbonates; and the

low wages of German workmen enable our Prussian rivals to supply knives and stoves at a rate unattainable by ourselves. Cheap labour is indeed the right hand of many of the foreign mill-owners: by its aid, backed by plenty of practical shrewdness and science, Bohemia keeps the foremost place for hard and richly-coloured glasses; Bavaria and Westphalia fill the market with cloth, cottons, and cast-iron; and Saxony and Austria sell lucifers to half Christendom.

Industry has curious local attachments, and clings with feline fondness to particular spots. Thus, watches can be made most cheaply in Switzerland, where the men and women of fifty villages together are all busy on toothed wheels, mainsprings, and jewelled holes. Soap and cheap perfumes, nasty as well as cheap, are best compounded in Central Germany. The Tyrol and the Black Forest have three resources for the long winter evenings, when the soil is frozen stiff, and the snow is heavy on the pine-boughs—clocks, straw-hats, and toys. All over Middle Europe, you see the Black Forest clocks, made by peasants round the cottage hearth, as plentiful as Mr Samuel Slick's lathered time-pieces in Canada. Baden competes with Italy in strawplaiting; while for toys, old Deutschland bears the bell.

It is a curious thing that the toys which English children love so dearly, and which they break, maltreat, and demolish so vivaciously, should be all foreign. Here and there, perhaps, a rocking-horse, or a straight-legged spotted steed with his harness nailed to his body, may be the work of an English artisan, but not often. Caleb Plummer, in the *Cricket on the Hearth*, is the representative of a class that does not exist, and sat making Noah's Arks and barking-dogs that are apparently beyond the compass of British art. At any rate, 'box-toys,' as they are technically called, have never been attempted in England. The wooden beasts and birds in the zoological collections, the puzzles, the bricks, the gaudily-dressed Turks and hussars, squeaking lambs, and creaking carts, come from Germany; so do marbles, 'Dutch' dolls, and baby-houses. Paris gives us the superb waxen doll in her satin and spangles. America sends over the gutta-percha uglinesses and clockwork mice.

As with toys, so with goloshes. Quite two-thirds of the overshoes that keep our feet from wet bear the French or American eagle boastfully embossed upon their soles. On the other hand, England sells India-rubber tubing, water-proof cloth, and gutta-percha in fifty forms to continental nations. The French buy more of our brandy than we buy of theirs—an exchange of which we wish them joy; while our silks continue the cheapest, and theirs the richest and most tasteful. In all that relates to calico, they own our merit; they prefer our broad-cloth to their own; but declare, and justly, the superiority of their scarlet-dyed woollens to ours. As for boots, they are cut out by millions of pairs in France, sent to England to be closed, returned for the operation of 'clicking,' and re-exported as of pure Paris make.

The Americans have great aptitude for the manufacture of small, delicate, labour-saving machines. It has always been an object with them to get through their work with as few hands as possible, and we owe to them all manner of dainty devices for economising manual power. London is full of

elegant little complications of steel rods, fairy fly-wheels, and cylinders no bigger than a wine-bottle, devised for stitching all stitchable materials, for punching, drilling, and cutting, for metallurgy and agriculture. Our own machinery is commonly of a grand and solid character—great massive engines that are to be found at work all over the world, pumping water out of mines in the Andes, lashing the waves of far-off oceans into foam, crushing quartz in Victoria, and dragging burdens in Brazil.

We cannot, perhaps, quite beat Prague in turning out stained glass and coloured services, glowing with the deep pure tints of enormous rubies, emeralds, and topazes; nor are our tubes and alembics so fit to go through fire as the Bohemian. The old ware of China, the old Japanese jars, the finest French and German porcelain, have a fragile beauty beyond our imitations. But our Potteries only need the 'open sesame' of free trade to set their good and cheap products—plates that can bear heat, glass fairly cut into sharp facets, and vases modelled on choice shapes from Greece and Etruria—on every middle-class table abroad. French housewives, who store away their preserves in wretched jars coated with poisonous white-lead, who dare not heat the plates lest they should fly to fragments, and whose clumsy coffee-cups are an inch thick, are not slow to appreciate the merits of Mr Gladstone's treaty of commerce.

In some respects, England seems certainly in the light of a Rip van Winkle among nations. Her peasantry appear never to strive, as their blouse-clad brethren do, to profit by a new discovery. It is profitable, in the country at least, to keep poultry, and yet how seldom do we see Chanticleer and his mates strutting about the cottage-door. France and Ireland send us over eggs by the million; and our Gallic and Belgian neighbours deluge our markets with early vegetables, turkeys, cherries, butter, their best fruit, and plumpest fowls. We consume, but do not produce. We even ask Ostend for rabbits, with leagues of natural warren lying neglected. Our fishermen, save only at Whitstable, no more think of cultivating the oyster than of seeking the philosopher's stone.

Work is a thing that differs excessively in itself, according to the spirit of the workers. Slaves, convicts, and all persons working under compulsion, and without hope or interest, work against the grain, slowly, grudgingly, and ill. Ill-fed labourers, too, are of necessity dawdlers, like starved horses. It is wonderful how great a change the construction of railways made in this respect. Worthy folks, whose notions of work were derived from watching poor Hodge, with his bent back and heavy gait, digging potatoes or dibbling beans for eight or nine shillings a week, stared to see the lithe, mighty-armed giants suddenly let loose over the land under the name of navvies. Then, first, some of us learned what work was. We saw strong men, in striped jerseys or flannel suits, plying the pickaxe like Titans, casting up spadefuls of earth to the top of a deep cutting, guiding heavy barrows along quivering planks, loading carts as by magic, diving into shafts, ascending scaffolds, making light of tasks which set the rural public agape with incredulous surprise.

These marvels were produced by the spells of high wages, high feeding, and sharp supervision. The navy, with beef and beer unlimited, could not only do the work of a fustian-clad Hercules,

but he had spare vitality enough to fight and riot, and keep the whole country in an uproar. In those piping times of peace, when soldiers were almost forgotten, Volunteers undreamed of, and foreign politics dull, the navy became a popular hero; dreaded, but admired, and there seemed something romantic in his rough manliness, roving life, and savage love of picturesque finery.

The gold discoveries in California and Australia have been the cause of some of the most tremendous and sustained exertion that the world ever saw. It is no child's play to cut a shaft deep, deep down, through stiff blue or white clay, through gravel and stony earth, to where the 'pay-dirt' lies. But with hope beckoning the aspirant on, and hunger for a spur in case of failure, men perform tasks on their own account that they would hardly undertake for wages. Not but that unpaid labour has sometimes been very severe. What a scene of suffering, toil, groans, lashing, and misery, must the rowers' deck of an old trireme have presented! Equally wretched was the fate of those chained down to the 'hard bench and heavy oar,' on board the Algerine corsairs or the galleys of the French king. To this hour, the sentence of 'the galleys' carries a nameless terror to the heart of the fiercest of foreign jail-birds, though the oars of those classical craft have been chopped to firewood long ago.

No better illustration could probably be chosen to shew the change between old times and new, than the picture of the antique vessel, urged along by its tiers of flashing oars, worked by human muscle, forced to the hated toil, and the modern steamer with her foamy paddles or whirling screws, fast driven by the fire and water that work for man. The old system was the most picturesque; the new one has the advantage on the score both of profit and humanity.

MARRIED BENEATH HIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.'

CHAPTER XXXV.—POTTS PÈRE.

ADVERSITY does not always and at once chasten him upon whom it falls; the human soul is stubborn, and requires blow after blow to convince us of our own futility; just as the gambler receives heavy and continued losses, before he can make up his mind that luck is against him, and that he had better throw up the cards. Like a mountain stream which seethes and rages with every cross and fall, is the proud man growing poor; he may sink at last to some quiet level, out of sight and hearing, but in the meantime, the spectacle of his career does not make us in love with Poverty. How many an elastic spirit has been broken by the long, long pressure of that iron hand! How many a genial nature has been soured, overflowed by the waters of bitterness! It is very well to be philosophic, and better still to have Christian resignation; but to the poor contumacious creature under Dame Poverty's discipline, nothing seems so good as a five-pound note—save, of course, a note of higher denomination. It is wonderful how soon that situation, which is euphoniously termed, 'somewhat reduced circumstances,' will deteriorate not only a man's nature, but his views of human life. He will not

only place a Wall Street value upon mere money, holding Esteem and Friendship, and sometimes even Love, but as so many 'greenbacks,' but he leaps to the conclusion, that everybody else is equally knowing—he has been a fool hitherto all his life, it seems, and hoodwinked by Society, but now at least he will let Society know that he has found her out. This is in reality the chief cause why we drop our unprosperous friends. We omit them from our dinner-parties, not (unless we are very contemptible, indeed) because they can no longer invite us in return, but because their observations are apt to be brusque and cynical.

Mr Frederick Galton, at present of Somers Town, and late of a number of different places of residence further and further removed from the fashionable neighbourhoods, would unquestionably have been dropped by his numerous circle of friends, but for his exceeding cleverness. The genial charm of manner which was wont to draw so many within his influence, had fled, but it was replaced by a mocking wit. He made more enemies than friends wherever he went, but he was asked everywhere. He sparkled, and that was sufficient for those who invited him; but the source whence the light was drawn was no longer the native fire of youthful gaiety; he had now a reputation for saying 'wicked things,' and had become a sudden convert—the youngest ever known—to the great Pooch-pooch school, to whom the whole world of men and women is as an apple of the Dead Sea shore. As a writer, he was improving fast in style and manner, and the income he derived from his pen improved also, although at a less satisfactory rate. Among literary men, he had a wide acquaintance, and was very welcome with them; they do not mind hard hitting; the free fight intellectual is popular among them, and young Galton, late Mr Jonathan Johnson's Novice, neither asked nor gave quarter to his opponents. The Bohemians are by no means inexorable to an erring brother who has made an imprudent match; to marry, indeed, is a weakness in their eyes, but that feeling is evoked by the conventional nature of the Institution, and its exceeding and oppressive respectability, and Frederick had not sinned in those directions. Mrs Galton might have been the rage among a pleasant and powerful section of society, had it pleased her so to be. Literary men—who have, by the by, the same objection to be designated by that title, as doctors have to be called medical men—are naturally simple and honest, notwithstanding their wild writing and wilder talk, and many of Frederick's friends fell honourably in love with his sweet wife. They swore that there was not a more genuine lady in all London, as there was not a more beautiful. Such of them as were artists (and many begin the battle of life armed with pencil as well as pen), were solicitous that she should give them sittings for their Madonnas, for the Virtues, and for the more decent of the Heathen Goddesses. The adulation which they paid to her, pleased her husband, but not herself. She shrank, almost alarmed, from it and from them. She did not understand their intellectual fireworks: the light way in which they sometimes spoke of solemn things, seemed to her irreverent and shocking; when Frederick did so, she felt that somehow there was not the same wrong in that, for Love and Charity are one.

There are some women who seem most at their

ease in male society, and not to need the companionship of their own sex; but with Mary it was quite otherwise. She would have given worlds to lay her head upon her mother's bosom for one twilight hour, and hear her loving voice, while she herself wept on unnoticed, or to listen to the thoughtful words of patient Sister Jane. It was almost a relief to her when their circumstances grew so narrow that her husband discouraged all would-be visitors to their humble home; for though he had little personal pride, he did not choose that people should see his wife in a shabby gown. Then the baby had come for a blessed companion to her; and poverty and estrangement from her kith and kin, were more than compensated for by the intoxicating fact, that the child was indubitably like its father. The male parent modestly thought but little of this circumstance, and even rallied her upon it. 'Why, my dearest love, I did not entertain the slightest apprehension that he would be like anybody else.'

Frederick tore himself away without much difficulty from the society of that blessed babe. He was from home a great deal during both day and night. An apartment had been set aside for him at the office of the *Porcupine*, and there he wrote in the morning—composition at Somers Town being a work of difficulty, since there was but one sitting-room, and even that subject to sudden incursions of the maid-of-all-work, who, on the other hand, could be thoroughly depended on to keep away if one rang the bell. This desirable arrangement had, strange to say, been accomplished quite lately by Mr Percival Potts. When John Meyrick, upon that gentleman's authority, had made his depreciating remarks upon the Galtons, he was not quoting a very recent piece of scandal. At first, indeed, when Frederick's marriage became known, his collaborateur had been exceedingly hard upon him. Lord Cuckoo's party had got into power, and with it Potts; the sub-editor's paper had become the ministerial organ. He was a greater man than ever, and, of course, more impatient of contradiction. In his new position, he considered himself almost officially called upon to discountenance any social insubordination, such as an unequal marriage; and we may be sure that Frederick took less pains than ever to conciliate him. The literary club to which they belonged was transformed into a bear-garden whenever these two gentlemen happened to meet there, and Mr Potts invariably came out of these conflicts second best. Prosperity had made him more overbearing, but not keener; while adversity had given a sting to the young man's wit, which made itself felt, notwithstanding the triple mail of self-complacency in which his foe was encased. A combat between a whale and a sword-fish can only end one way.

It was while this internecine war was raging between them, that Mr Frederick Galton happened to lose himself one morning, while essaying a short-cut from Somers Town into the civilised world. He got inextricably involved in a labyrinth of little streets all exactly like one another, and of which London contains whole towns. This particular town did not apparently boast of policemen, which was the more singular, since the contents of all the shops were emptied into the streets, and greatly exposed to larceny; so the young

man stepped into a tailor's shop to ask the way. There were plenty of people standing at their doors on guard over their goods, of whom it would have been more convenient to inquire; but the tailor's shop had 'Potts' written over it, and more than that, it had 'P. Potts.' This circumstance had a great attraction for Frederick, although not arising from the associations of Love. The window of this establishment was not set forth after the skimpy manner of Bond Street, with one pair of elegantly-cut trousers and one elaborate waistcoat, but was crowded with articles of apparel, among which reclined (for there was something wrong with his knickerbockered legs) a waxen-boy, with a ticket round his neck such as blind men wear in charitable neighbourhoods. This youth, however, was perfectly wide awake (though he had six very distinct eyelashes upon each lid to shut, if he had been so disposed), and stared even to painfulness at those passers-by who could resist the attraction of 'Youths' Complete Suits for the Public Schools at L.1, 4s. 6d.' Perhaps the semi-recumbent position was, after all, not owing to his legs so much as to the repeated disappointment of his expectations; for fashionable customers, having sons at a public school, and therefore requiring such distinguished garments, were far from numerous in that locality. The proprietor of this establishment, however, was a cheerful little old man, who, if he had had losses, had forgotten them. He was slightly humpbacked, and the professional attitude in which he sat behind his counter, aggravated the appearance of that defect considerably; a pair of scissors about the size of his own legs reposed by his side, and imparted to him a sort of pantomimic air.

'What can we do for you, sir?' inquired this gnome of industry, of Frederick, looking sharply up, his bright beady eyes in curious contrast with his snow-white hair. 'Is it coats, or vests, or is it—which I should think most likely—connubial does?'

'I am afraid,' said Frederick smiling, 'that you will think me but a shabby fellow, since I have only entered your shop to ask my way.'

'No,' said the little tailor, regarding the young man attentively through his horn spectacles, 'I shall not think you that; but, unfortunately, I am the very last man you should have applied to by way of finger-post. I am but a poor creature, as you see, and seldom stir out of doors; but if you will reach down that little packet of books yonder, I think there is a map of London among them, which, although not a new one, may perhaps serve your purpose.'

'Your literature is much more recent than your maps, however,' observed Frederick. 'Why, how is this? You have got the number of the *Porcupine* that only comes out to-day!'

'I have a friend connected with the—the establishment, who sends me a presentation-copy every month,' observed the little tailor, rubbing his hands. 'I am a great admirer of the *Porcupine*. Don't you think, sir, that it is a very admirable magazine?'

'I do indeed,' said Frederick frankly, 'although, perhaps, I should not say so, since I am personally concerned with it. But, my good friend, you don't read it, you don't even cut the leaves.'

The young author was seriously chagrined to find that his own article of the current month,

as well as those of the two preceding numbers, remained uninvaded by the paper-knife.

'I read some of it,' returned the old man, taking up a copy: 'see here, how dog-leaved and dirty the pages are. I have cried over those beautiful words like a young child.'

'The author of that paper is a very clever writer,' remarked Frederick drily.

'The cleverest, the best of them all,' replied the tailor eagerly; 'and he has got a kind heart too.'

'How do you know that, my good man?'

'Because I—I see it here,' returned the old fellow: 'under all the coldness and glitter, there lies affectionate warmth, just as the teeming earth lies warm beneath the frost and snow.'

'I shall see the gentleman to-day whose works you think so highly of, and I will tell him what a warm admirer he has got in— Your name is Potts, is it not?'

'You will see him to-day!' cried the little old man enthusiastically, and dashing his scissors together as though they were triumphant cymbals.

'Dear me, dear me!' He looked at Frederick, as school-boys immured at Clapham on the Derby Day gaze on the folks bound for Epsom Downs. He was not the Rose, but he was about to be near the Rose. 'Do you happen to be returning the same way, sir? Would you mind looking in and telling me how you found him, as you go by. Would you mind it very much?'

'I shall be very glad to do so,' returned Frederick, looking fixedly at his new acquaintance. 'I see that the initial of your Christian name is P. I cannot be far wrong in supposing that that stands for Percival. I am speaking to Percival Potts, father of the distinguished writer of that name, then?'

'And who ever told you that?' inquired the little tailor, setting down his shears in blank amazement and dismay.

'Why, you told me so yourself,' laughed Frederick. 'I assure you it is quite news to me; and under his breath he added, 'and very great news, too.'

'Look here, sir,' said the hunchback solemnly, rising with difficulty, and holding on to the counter with both hands; 'I am old, and you are young; I am weak, and you are strong; you could kill me very easily, but it would be a shameful thing to do.'

'A very shameful thing,' returned Frederick quietly. 'Who would dream of doing such a thing?'

'You would, sir; you are plotting it at this very minute; your young face, that was beautiful as a picture when you came in here, is grown ugly and cruel. You are going to tell my proud son that you have found his father. You are jealous of his great fame and name. Why did I not know that you were his enemy, at first sight?'

'Your son has done me much harm, old man,' replied Frederick sternly; 'but what I hate him most for, is because he is ashamed of you.'

'Don't say that, sir; pray, pray, don't say that,' cried the old man piteously. 'You don't know what a good son he is. He stocks my shop, sir; all that is here has been given by him: it does not signify to me—thanks to my Percy!—whether customers come or not. He would have put me in a villa in the country, if I had only said the word. Once every week—think of that—he comes and takes his

tea—there in that little room, and listens to my stupid talk; he as might be in the king's own palace, or where not; yet he never disappoints me—never. It isn't the shrimps and water-cresses as brings him, of course, but only me. O sir, pray spare him, spare him!

'I am glad to hear he comes and sees you,' said Frederick gravely.

'And has done all his life,' pursued the old man eagerly; 'when he was only errand-boy about the newspaper-office in the north country, and worked twelve hours a day, and needed to be in the Institute at night for to train his mind, yet he always spared an hour to be with me. Why, he taught me to write and read, sir; he was my tutor—the teacher of his father—think of that—at twelve years old! Then, when he was reporter, with all his night-work, it was the same; he was never too tired to tell me all the news; and when I got my bad fall—he was sub-editor then—he would sit by my bedside and read until I forgot my pain, and sank to sleep.'

'The better for him,' said Frederick solemnly, 'both now and hereafter.'

'And all that time, sir, and notwithstanding all these things, he was the perfect gentleman. "Father, I intend to be a gentleman," said he, looking up from his book one day, when he was but a child; and he has never faltered in his purpose. To see that boy pore over our few old books and records, in hopes to find out that he came of a good stock, was a wonderful sight; and when he had made it out to his own satisfaction that he did, I shall never forget it! Then he began to hate this tailoring trade; but I was wedded to it, and I couldn't do anything else. My poor dear wife, too, worked with her needle as well as any man; you are too young to know what a tie that is. It is ridiculous to you that an old misshapen tailor should speak of love. Ah, sir, you think my Percy proud; but his haughtiness is mere humility compared to the pride with which his mother regarded him. She would not have had him speak of her among the lords and ladies, look you, no, not for ten thousand pounds! It would have killed him, she well knew; the busy brain would have planned no more; the fiery wit would have been quenched for ever! And now, if you wish to revenge yourself, young sir, for any slight which my son has put upon you, you can do so rarely; for you will not only kill your foe, but this poor worthless creature, too, his father. He will not reproach me, although it was I who would have the name written up above my door, because, forsooth, I said I was an honest man, and need not be ashamed of it; but I shall know that it was my fault all the same; all mine, all mine!'

The old man sank down into his old position, and feebly strove to go on with his work, but could not do so; the mighty scissors were too heavy for him, and fell from his nerveless fingers; his head dropped forward on his knee in crosslegged dejection. It was a spectacle to move a harder heart than Frederick's. 'Old man,' said he with feeling, 'I had promised myself a great revenge upon your son.'

'But you will spare him!' cried the tailor, looking up with eager hope; 'your eyes are not cruel now.'

'I will never breathe one word of what I know,' replied Frederick solemnly, 'not even to himself;

but when you see him next, tell him that Frederick Galton—— You will not forget the name?'

'No, no; go on.'

'That Frederick Galton had him in his power this day, but spares him for your sake, his father's sake—not his. Do you understand? No; give no thanks to me, but let him give thanks to that good father—he will know how good when he is gone—whose trusting and unselfish love has disarmed my hate.'

The young man reached his hand across the counter, and took the tailor's feeble palm within his own. In another moment, he was away upon his road. They had met together for one half-hour upon life's pilgrimage, and were never to meet again in this world; yet what esteem had been won upon one side, what gratitude extorted upon the other! What new and blessed belief in their fellow-creatures had been suddenly grafted, at least, upon one of them! What charity! what generous forbearance!

Percival Potts was more intolerant than usual at the club that night—more despotic, more oppressive with quotation, more boastful of his ancient lineage, and of the knightly deeds of his ancestors in the grand old times; but his youthful foe never once laid lance in rest against him. He thought, with almost terror, of the idea that had once taken possession of him, of exposing this poor boaster in the midst of his wonderful lies! What a crime would he have therein committed, in ruining one who was never so poor but he could help his parent, who was never so ignorant but he imparted to him what little he knew, who was never so occupied but he had time to attend to his wants in need and sickness. It is true that this man was contemptible enough from one point of view, even as a son. But, upon the whole, had poor Dr Galton had as good reason to be proud of his offspring as had the little tailor in Wigwam Street? Had Frederick never been ashamed (in Grosvenor Square, for instance), of one, not a relative, indeed, but who should have been nearer and dearer than all relatives? The young man, disarmed by thoughts like these, laid aside all his barbed talk. He was not conciliatory, because conciliation towards men of the Potts calibre is merely an invitation to them to be insulting; but he kept an unwonted silence. The toadies and flatterers whispered to one another: 'He has knocked under. The comb of this young fighting-cock has been cut at last.'

Upon the next meeting of the club, this opinion was expressed more openly, in the absence of its subject, by some unhappy slave, who, seeking to please the Tyrant, received on his astonished ears a buffet which (intellectually) sent him sprawling.

'*Serva tene,*' said he,

*'tympa, que subsequitur cæcus Amor sui
Et tollens vacuum plus nimis gloria verticem.'*

Be silent, sir; you are not fit to hold a candle to the man whom you revile.'

And when the young gentleman himself entered the apartment, Percival Potts went forward to the door to meet him (as the pope welcomes emperors of whose conduct he approves), and gave him a hand-grasp full of meaning.

'Let us be friends, Galton, henceforth,' he whispered.

'But I am afraid I have not married a person of

sufficiently distinguished family,' rejoined Frederick smiling.

'You need not trouble yourself on that account,' answered the ready Potts.

*'Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori
Xanthia Phocæ; prius insolentem
Serva Brisiæ niveo colore
Movit Achillem.*

I am charmed to hear that I am to meet you at the Meyricks', and I only wish Mrs Galton was to accompany you; her very looks would be a success, not only for a charade, but for a five-act play.

*Fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit atas
Claudere lustrum.*

'I never was jealous of you,' returned the young man, with a bold but pleasant smile.

'I do believe it, Galton,' cried the sub-editor frankly; 'and I wish I could say the same of myself. But if I am not naturally magnanimous, I have at least the power of appreciating magnanimity in other people.'

There is no necessity for many words in the bond which unites persons of genius; but if I have dwelt somewhat long upon the circumstance which gained Frederick Galton a powerful friend for life, it is because I see an ink-black cloud at hand, obscuring all the firmament of his being—a terrible time, when he will need friends indeed. The present author sympathises with the loved objects of his creation, and when he seems to procrastinate their good-fortune, it is because he perceives the shadow of the coming woe draw nigh.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—VI ET ARMS-A-KIMBO.

The phrase, 'He hasn't a shilling,' has a very variable meaning, and the value of that coin is as difficult to define as what is a pound. When applied to a lucifer-match seller in the public streets, it means twelve pence; and when used in reference to the younger son of a duke, it rises to five thousand pounds. Thus, although it was currently reported that Mr Frederick Galton had not a shilling 'to call his own,' 'to bless himself with,' 'to swear by,' &c., &c. (for there is no end to the phrases with which even the most prosaic delight to idealise their idol Mammon), he had always in reality his pockets full of money. Nothing (he used to aver) was so distressing to him as to be without a few sovereigns in his waistcoat; not necessarily to spend, but to be ready to spend, in case of an emergency. 'Everything that is beautiful to the eye, or pleasant to the taste, is mine,' quoth he, 'in the highest and best sense, if I can but command the price of it. The capability of possession is equal to the possession itself, and, at all events, nips envy in the bud. Directly I feel the evil passion rise, I say to myself: "Frederick, Frederick, if this is not put a stop to at once, I go in and purchase that expensive article." Perhaps he was sometimes compelled by this inexorable logic to commit little extravagances; but certain it is, in spite of his assertion that he never spent anything, that the golden lining of his waistcoat pockets had not seldom to be renewed. This could only be done by omitting to pay for vulgar necessities, which every day appeared to him a duty less and less incumbent; for getting into debt is like going to sea, when you are once

upon it, it matters very little whether you ride in ten-fathom water or a hundred; and the longer you keep afloat, the more accustomed you get to the danger.

I am afraid he was very much encouraged in this personal extravagance—for such it was in a man of his position—by his wife. Mary thought nothing too good or good enough for her paragon of a husband; she did not know the full extent of his embarrassments, but she knew that it became her to practise every kind of domestic economy. When he went out to his fine dinners, to which she was not invited, he would often lay strict injunctions upon her to treat herself to some delicacy for her lonely meal, and she would appear to comply with his wishes, really thankful for the loving thought that dictated them; but it always ended in bread and cheese. That was the sort of supper which she had been used to all her life, and why should she object to it now? But her Frederick had been brought up in a very different manner, and it was only right that he should deny himself nothing.

'Go and enjoy yourself, my own love, by all means,' was her cheerful reply, whenever his conscience pricked him into self-reproach for leaving her so much at home and alone. She did not use that phrase in any sarcastic sense, as some wives do, and even added: 'I never feel so happy, Frederick, as when I think that you are so, and that I am no impediment to your pleasure.' Nor let it be imagined that the lord of this Patient Griselda was a selfish and unfeeling fellow, who never thought of his wife when he was away from her, and took all her self-abnegations for his sake as a matter of course. He was merely such a husband as any man, however loyal and affectionate-hearted, is likely to become, who marries a woman who has adored, and continues to adore him; a class of domestic female, however, not so common as to arouse apprehension of any very wide-spread deterioration of the male sex.

But when the door of that little residence in Somers Town had closed behind its temporary proprietor (for they were only in lodgings) for the whole day (unless when he returned late in the afternoon to dress for dinner, and then went forth again in glorious apparel for the entire evening and far into the night), poor Mary Galton experienced a sense of desolation to which she never owned. If her husband could have looked into her heart as she bade him smiling farewell every morning, he would have turned back in bitter penitence, and called himself a multitude of derogatory names; but he only saw the beautiful face with the sunshine on it—for how could she do otherwise than smile while he was in sight!—and knew nothing of the shadow that fell over it a moment afterwards. She and her child were henceforth left, not only among strangers, but enemies. Every ring at the door-bell was a hostile summons. The butcher, the grocer, and the baker attacked the house every morning by regular approaches, and even threatened to cut off the supplies of the little garrison. A guerilla warfare was ceaselessly carried on by the milkman and the washerwoman. Besides these, there was an enemy within doors, more terrible than any, in Mrs Gideon the landlady. She was full of strange expressions, 'Gadamercy!' 'Odds my life!' &c., &c., sounding to poor Mary like oaths; and she protested, in a vehement manner, that she had waited long enough,

and that she should like to see the colour of Mrs Galton's money most uncommonly. It was poor Mary's task, thus subject to perpetual 'alarms and excursions' from within and without, not, indeed, to repulse the invaders, for that was impossible, but to stave them off until that good time which her husband assured her was approaching; and, above all things, to keep him as ignorant as possible of their excessive importunity. He took anything unpleasant so very much to heart, that all bad news must be kept from him; annoyances such as these would worry him to death; and it was best, since he could not cure them, that he should know nothing about them. Of course, it was a mistaken policy, but nobody could have carried it out with more success. Even the butcher was melted by the beauty of this sweet-spoken debtor, who came out with her lovely child in her arms to beg that the bill might be allowed to run a little longer. The more obdurate creditors were those of her own sex, and of these the worst was Mrs Gideon. She was naturally coarse, and even cruel, and poor Mrs Galton was very much afraid of her indeed. Why she did not attack Frederick himself, I cannot tell; perhaps her savage breast was moved by his good looks, as that of the butcher was moved by Mary's; perhaps she was a coward, in spite of her loud tones and arms a-kimbo; but, at all events, certain it is that her fiercest onslaughts upon her present lodgers were made in the absence of the principal offender.

It was getting late on an afternoon in June, and Mrs Galton having returned fatigued from a dusty walk with her nurse and son-and-heir, was helping to put the latter to bed, when there came a rap at the nursery door, and enter Mrs Gideon, with a pottle of strawberries in her hand, and a determination of blood to her head from a combination of three causes—Rum, Running up stairs, and Rage. 'A pretty thing,' cried she, 'Gadamercy, not to have paid me a silver sixpence these two months, and then to order strawberries at eighteenpence a pottle, and my fool of a servant to pay the money, which she might just as well have thrown into the dirt. Strawberries, bedad!'

Poor Mary clutched her half-dressed child to her bosom, in case instant flight should be necessary, and addressed the Fury in mitigation:

'I know nothing about them, Mrs Gideon, and certainly have ordered nothing of the kind myself. I will pay you, however, the eighteenpence with pleasure. I daresay my kind husband told them to send them in for me at tea-time, and purposely did not pay for them, that they might be sure to be sent.'

'Your kind husband!' rejoined the landlady with contemptuous pity. 'Ah, he's very kind, no doubt, and especially with other people's money. Why, you poor little fool, haven't you seen through him yet, and you his wife? Why, when you came here first, says I to myself: "He can surely never have made her an honest woman, or she would never put up with such treatment."'

'Mrs Gideon,' answered Mary, pale as ashes, but trembling much more with anger than with fear, 'I do not know what to say to one like you, except that you are not telling the truth.'

'Hoity-toity, one like me!' quoth the landlady, with a scornful laugh; 'and who are you, then, Why-face? There must be something wrong about you, or else your man wouldn't leave you every day,

and all day long, in this fashion. Why, how do I know but what he may go away some fine morning, and never come back at all, but leave you and your squalling baby, by way of payment for the rent?'

'When he comes back to-night, woman,' returned Mary quietly, 'it will be for the last time to this house; I am right sure of that. He will never'—here her voice sank into a sort of pitiful soliloquy—'never leave me under this roof alone again.'

'But you will go from here to jail,' continued the virago, stamping upon the floor with passion. 'If I can get my dues no other way, I will get it out of your skin. There are men in the house now who will see me righted. I swore I would do it, and I have done it. Your young gentleman will find a guest in the parlour whom he has not invited.'

The little nursery with its diabolical figure in the foreground—space-monopolising, terrible as the helmet in the Castle of Otranto—swam round before Mary's eyes. Her little maid, her only ally, had fled in panic. She did not know that much of the threatened evil was mere malicious menace; while she felt that the woman herself would not hesitate to push a cruel law as far as it would go. Already she beheld her husband hauled to prison—her husband, against whom a few minutes ago she had thought it sacrilege even to hear this woman speak. Her child was moaning at her breast, as though to remind her that he too was about to be whelmed in the coming ruin. 'My God!' cried she in agony, moving the thick masses of hair from her forehead, and trying to think, 'how can I—can I save him?'

'By paying the money!' answered the landlady, with abrupt intelligence, the bare idea of such a satisfactory arrangement giving distinctness to her speech, and steadiness to her erratic eyes. 'L.30, 14s. 4d., much of which has gone out of my own pocket. You ain't got it, you as eats strawberries at 1s. 6d. the pottle—no, not you; nor your husband neither, for all his fine feathers—of which I'll pluck him this very night, mind you, or else my name ain't Sarah Gideon. Here's the bill, ma'am, which I leave upon this table; perhaps you would like to examine the items.'

'Receipt it!' observed a clear sweet voice, falling on the ear like nightingale's after screech-owl's.

A lady splendidly attired, but with a thick veil falling from her bonnet, and almost entirely concealing her features, was standing within the room; her speech was directed to the landlady, but her eyes were earnestly fixed upon the face of the young wife. 'There are pen and ink, woman, and here is the money. Sign!'

'Which I am humbly thankful for, mem,' said Mrs Gideon, courtesying, after a rather elaborate examination of the water-marks of the bank-notes; 'and if I have been somewhat hasty in my language, having been worried with spasms all the day (as I hope may never be the case with either of you, ladies), and gin and peppermint next to useless, perhaps it may be forgotten and forgiven.—May I help to take your bonnet and shawl off, my pretty gentlewoman?' Mrs Gideon was about to suit the action to the word, but the stranger drew herself up with contemptuous dignity, and once more pointed to the table.

'Sign, and be silent! That will do.'

The termagant was endeavouring to frame some false and fawning words to address to her late victim, who had sunk down in a half-swoon into a chair, but the new-comer motioned her away. 'Have you not done enough mischief by your talk already?' said she, sternly. 'Mrs Frederick Galton is not accustomed to deal with drunken folks. I am. Now leave the room.'

THE PARIS BAKERS.

I WAS leaving my rooms in the Rue de Castellane early one morning, when I was met at my door by the baker, who had just placed two loaves, each about the length of a musket, against the wall. I was struck with the man's mournful and sick appearance. He was as thin as a living human being well could be. There was a most touching expression of pain and weariness in his sunken eyes; and as he went heavily—very heavily for so spare a man—down the stairs, I heard that he had a little sharp cough. His miserable figure interested me, and led me to consider and to inquire into the condition of the working-bakers of Paris. Often on my way home at night I had been startled by the most painful screams and groans that appeared to travel to my ears from the earth under my feet; and on looking through a little trap under a baker's shop-window, I have found that the discordant noise proceeded from two or three half-nude men, who were kneading vast troughs of dough in a steamy cellar. I have watched these poor labourers doomed to toil through winter and through summer nights, and to sleep through the sunlight, with profound pity. Not only are they exposed to all kinds of unhealthy influences, baked for hours in a cellar, and thrust out on chilly mornings to go home to their garrets, but they are doomed to live apart from all other classes of working-men. Any reader who may have been accustomed while in Paris to take early walks, may have seen the well-known figure of the journeyman-baker ambling sadly home after his night's work, in his gray-cotton clothes, and with the new-baked loaf, which is his daily perquisite, under his arm. He has just left the hot mouth of the oven, and the cold morning breeze strikes to the marrow of his bones. He is hurrying, sore oppressed, to his bed, through crowds of labourers, who, fresh, after a good night's sleep, are commencing their day's work.

I am at a loss to discover why French dramatic writers have been in the habit of selecting the baker as their type of the jolly buffoon; for I am certain that a more mournful figure than that of him who passes his weary nights making the daily bread of the Parisians, does not exist within the fortifications. His trade forces him to be unsociable, for he is asleep when the rest of the world is awake. He can just say good-morning and good-night to his neighbours, and he bears the sombre marks of his forced isolation in his doleful countenance.

There are in existence some very curious and remarkable historical treatises on the corporations and trade customs of the bakers of Paris, tracing their industry from the time when all citizens were compelled to bake their bread in the public ovens, which were the properties of great lords or religious establishments. These public ovens were sources of great profit, since every citizen was compelled to bake his bread in them, paying to the

proprietor a fixed price. It was in the beginning of the fourteenth century that the Parisians obtained permission from the sovereign to have private ovens in their own houses. The owners of the public ovens, however, did not give up their privileges without a struggle; as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century, in some parts of Paris, people who had private ovens were compelled to pay an indemnity to the reverend owners of the public ovens. This indemnity was called the Little Oven Tax; a tax that was not completely abolished before 1675. The history of the quarrels between the *grand panetier* of the court, who received the taxes due from the bakers to the king, and the provost of Paris; and again, between the town bakers, the bakers of the suburbs, and the country bakers, who had each their separate and peculiar privileges, may be found in the pages of Levasseur and Bolland. Therein also are lists of the vexatious fines and taxes which the journeyman-baker was compelled to pay to the authorities. His reception as a master-baker was conducted with a quaint ceremony. On the day appointed for his reception, he presented himself at the door of the meeting-room, holding a new glazed earthenware pot, which was filled with cakes and nuts, saying: 'Master, I have served my four years. Behold here my vessel full of nuts.' Then the master of the craft asked the clerk in attendance if it were true. When the clerk replied in the affirmative, the master returned the vessel full of nuts and cakes to the candidate, who forthwith shattered it against the wall. From that moment, he was a master-baker, and his reception was celebrated with a banquet. This ceremony remained in force from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth. Then a tree, garnished with beans or oranges, was presented, instead of the earthenware vessel; and lastly, the presentation of a *louis d'or* sufficed.

The trade of baker must have been in the olden time one to try the temper of the most patient of men. At one period, a Paris baker could light his oven only on 290 days of the year. He could not bake on Sundays, and we are told that it was amusing to watch the bakers standing in their doorways on Monday mornings, with their ears stretched, to catch the first sound of the matin-bell, when they might light their ovens. Then there was the great trial of the Queen's Bread, in the making of which yeast was used, and in the course of which the doctors, called in to give their opinion as to the effect of bread made with yeast on health, fell out, to the great delight of the author of the *Malades Imaginaires*. If, however, in all these times of trouble and of vexatious regulations, the poor journeyman-baker was seldom at peace, at least he had the comfort of looking forward to the time when he might marry his master's daughter, and set up a shop for himself. But the poor journeyman-bakers of to-day, who flit fretfully about in the twilight and in the dawn, have no such hope left. Capital, which they can never have an opportunity of amassing, is necessary to open a baker's shop, even now when the monopoly has been destroyed. Here he will remain where I see him now, on this bleak winter-night, in this stifling cellar under the shop, with the red-hot mouth of the oven almost singeing his body, making and baking the bread of his fellow-man to the end of his short life. Little unbroken rest has he, even by day, for he must watch once or twice in the

daytime the preparation for the night's batch of bread. The labour of kneading it is most unhealthy to him, driving the particles of flour into his lungs, and cannot be advantageous to the bread. Still, the Paris journeyman-baker vehemently opposes the introduction of kneading-machinery, in the fear that it will leave him to starve; and up to this moment he has been able to restrict the use of bread-making machinery within very narrow limits. Although his wages are low, and his hope of advancement is almost nil, he clings to the old system, albeit it must bring him to an early grave. The labour of a working-baker is so hard, that apprentices to it are seldom entered younger than eighteen years of age. The apprenticeship lasts during a year or eighteen months, and the premium paid to the master-baker fluctuates between five and six pounds. At the expiration of this short apprenticeship, he becomes a brigadier. It is his duty to heat the oven, to put the bread in it, and remove it, and generally to exercise the functions of a foreman. His wages are usually a trifle under four shillings per diem. In the bakery with him is the important workman called the First Help. It is he who kneads the bread, sending forth, as from the bowels of the earth, the groans and piercing cries that affright the late-returning merry-makers. He shapes the dough into loaves, with the assistance of the Second Help. The first help earns about three-and-sixpence per diem; and his assistant has between half-a-crown and three shillings per diem. A fourth workman generally completes the staff of an ordinary Parisian bakery. This last is the drudge; he chops the wood, fetches the water, counts the loaves, and, in short, does all the needful drudgery for something under two shillings per diem. The poor bakers are, I may observe, paid for overwork in this way. When they have to bake more than seven batches of bread, each batch containing seventy loaves, the workmen receive fivepence each for the eighth batch, and a penny each for the ninth. In addition to these money-payments, each workman is allowed to take away two pounds of bread daily, and it is this two-pound loaf that we have so often seen under his arm, as he trots away through the morning cold to his bed. He is allowed, moreover, to eat as much bread as he pleases during the night. There are indulgent masters, who give the poor fellows a sip of white wine before they start home in the morning; but these are, I fear, rare exceptions.

There is no trade so poor, no handicraft so lowly paid, that it will not yield something to the avarice of the usurer or the skilful knave. These poor journeyman-bakers were, some years ago, in the hands of a set of rascals, who kept agencies for finding places for journeyman-bakers out of work. They charged the poor fellows whom they placed as much sometimes as thirty francs. But this overcharge was not the worst part of their operation, for no sooner had the poor journeyman paid the agent's fee, than this same agent earwigged his master, and obtained his discharge; so that the poor fellow was obliged to return once again to the usurer, and to pay thirty francs for another place. This scandalous grinding of the poor has ceased, however, and now the journeyman-baker is protected against such rapacity; but still he is far from satisfied with the conditions under which he can obtain employment.

And no wonder. The Parisians will have new bread to dip into their matutinal coffee, so he must labour through the night. He must stand for hours between the current of night-air and the mouth of the oven. He is thirty years old before he becomes a perfect workman: at forty, his strength is exhausted, and he is good for nothing. His sun is a smoky oil-lamp; the home of his waking moments a stifling cellar. The air is charged with particles of flour that produce ophthalmia. He is cramped with rheumatism, and shaken with a chronic cough. The doctors who have examined the question declare that it is impossible for a journeyman-baker to pursue his vocation after he is fifty years of age. Melancholy, however, as the lot is of the Paris bread-maker, it is borne with patient courage. The trade is never in want of hands, and it is regularly established, like trades of happier promise, with its institutions, its fêtes, its houses of call, and its privileges. In the great freemasonry of labour which extends over France, the journeymen-bakers are the children of Master Jacques; and under his protecting influence they make their tour of France. It is said that some seven or eight hundred young workmen annually start on this tour, full of hope, and with faith in their patron saint, St Honoré. Albeit, the French bakers have proved somewhat fickle towards their saints. In the first instance, they placed themselves under the protection of St Pierre-aux-Lieux, because his fête was in the harvest-time. But they abandoned St Peter for St Lazarus in the middle ages, because he had the power of curing leprosy; and it was then the general belief that contact with the fire predisposed men to this scourge. Four centuries and a half having elapsed since the bakers forsook the protection of St Lazarus, it is not strange that the reasons for their desertion have been lost. It is more than probable that, having discovered that contact with fire did not produce leprosy, they felt themselves at perfect liberty to choose another saint from the calendar. It is but justice to the bakers to add, that at least they have been faithful to their present saint during nearly four centuries, and that on the 16th of May in every year they celebrate his feast. On this happy May-day the mournful bread-makers come forth from their bakeries betimes, attire themselves in their best, deck themselves out in the ribbons that mark their rank in their craft, and repair to the residence of the Mother. It should be understood by the reader that the mother is the landlady of the house of entertainment where the various crafts of French working-men meet. The mother is a personage of great distinction, to whom apprentices and journeymen pay the utmost respect. On the morning of St Honoré, when all the working-bakers have assembled, they arrange themselves in procession, and, preceded by a band and a colossal cake, borne by two or three of their companions, proceed through the streets to hear mass at the church of St Roch. The religious service at an end, they march back to the house of the mother, where they hold a banquet, only the members of their craft being present, with the addition of the mother, who is their honoured guest. Plentiful invitations have been sent out to craftsmen of other trades for a ball in the evening. The printed invitations are ornamented with symbols of the craft, and have 'Honour and Glory to Labour' for their

motto. The bakers' ball is said to be remarkable among Paris working-men's balls for the elegance of the wives and daughters who attend it, and for the polite manners that are shewn at it. The poor pale fathers and brothers forget the fetid bakery and the blazing oven for the moment, and do their best to be gay. The morrow will find them probably more sombre than ever.

The bread-making of Paris gives work to nearly three thousand individuals. In the latest compiled statistics of Paris industry, it is stated that ninety per cent. of the journeymen-bakers could read and write, and that sixty per cent. of them had their own furniture. These figures prove that the men are at once thoughtful and prudent. They have, indeed, few opportunities for dissipation, since Paris sleeps through their waking-hours. Left much to themselves, the quiet reading of a paper over a pipe is the amusement to which they naturally have recourse.

There is a legend concerning three gay bakers, which is described by Pierre Vinçard. These three rollicking children of the dough-trough were named respectively Turlupin, Gautier-Garguille, and Gros-Guillaume. They were all three journeymen-bakers, and worked together in the Quartier St Laurent. They were bound together by a close and sincere friendship. The natural humour that was in them bubbled over. Bread-making was too dull and tedious an employment for them, so they took to the stage. It is one thing to resolve to take to the stage, and another to find the stage. The three jolly bakers were reduced to the necessity of building their own platform. They hired an old tennis-court, and with their own hands raised a little theatre in it; they painted their own decorations; in short, did everything, being unable to pay for help. On this rough stage they played all kinds of grotesque scenes, which they called *Turlupinades*—the hour of performance being from one till two o'clock in the afternoon, and the price of admission being about three-halfpence. Turlupin played the low-comedy valets; Gros-Guillaume was the heavy moralist; and Gautier-Garguille was the pedant and family-man. Their success was so great that it gave umbrage to the pretentious actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, who complained to the Cardinal de Richelieu that these vagabonds were injurious competitors; whereupon the cardinal ordered the three jolly bakers to play one of their wild farces in his presence. The trio were so irresistibly comic, that they extorted many laughs even from his grave Eminence, who, in gratitude, ordered that they should be admitted to play on the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; and in this way their denunciators were confounded. The end of the jolly trio, however, was a very sad one. In an evil moment, and carried away by the fun of the scene, Gros-Guillaume took it into his unlucky head to mimic some well-known peculiarities of a great magistrate, who was present among the audience. The great man took this in evil part, and had the poor actor cast into prison, where he died. Appalled at the fate of Gros-Guillaume, his two companions took to flight. From their hiding-place, they heard of his death; the news was too heavy for their gentle hearts, so they laid themselves down, and within a week were with poor Gros-Guillaume—beyond the reach of any earthly magistrate's vengeance. They were

all three buried together in the church of St Saviour, then the ordinary place of interment for actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

The three jolly bakers of the seventeenth century were put to rest, we venture to say, with much less pomp and ceremony than may be seen in these days when a baker who was a child of Master Jacques is carried to his long home. The body of the dead journeyman-baker is laid upon an open car; the car is surrounded by journeymen-bakers, children of Master Jacques, who, decently attired, and decorated with red, green, and white ribbons, are about to attend their lost companion to his grave. When the car moves forward, they march in step on either side of it, marking time with the long canes they carry in their hands, as symbols of their rank. Arrived at the grave in the cemetery, they range themselves in a circle round the coffin; then two journeymen approach from opposite sides of the coffin, and lean towards each other over it; they make certain waves and signs with their canes, looking fixedly and mournfully at one another the while; then they raise a plaintive cry, beat their breasts with their left hands, and whisper in each other's ear over the coffin. All this is repeated three or four times; then the body is lowered into the grave. A journeyman approaches, and a broad black cloth is thrown over him and the grave; a groan seems to rise out of the earth—a bystander need not be very acute to make up his mind that the said groan proceeds from the covered journeyman. It is answered by a wail of lamentation from the assembled men of the craft; and then the earth rattles over the dead man's breast; and he who has passed his weary life, ill paid and over-worked, making the bread of his fellow-men, is left to his long sleep.

T W O.

- Two buds plucked from the tree;
- Two birdies flown from the nest;
- Two little babies snatched
- From a fond mother's breast;
- Two little snow-white lambs
- Gone from the sheltering fold;
- Two little narrow graves
- Down in the churchyard cold.

- Two little drooping flowers,
- Growing in a purer air,
- Blooming fragrant and bright
- In the great Gardener's care;
- Two little tender birds,
- Flown far from fear and harm;
- Two little snow-white lambs
- In the good Shepherd's arm.

- Two little angels more,
- Singing with voices sweet,
- Plinging their crowns of gold
- Down at their Saviour's feet.
- Free from all earthly care,
- Pure from all earthly stain—
- Oh, who could wish them back
- In this drear world again!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.